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PHILADELPHIA, THURSDAY, JANUARY 20, 1916.

God grants liberty only to those who love it
and are always ready to guard and defend it.—Daniel Webster.

Montenegro has spunk enough for a bigger
country.

There are several able Philadelphia lawyers
still alive.

It would be as easy to mix Bryanism and
patriotism as to make a Serb love a Bulgar.

Mayor Riddle, of Atlantic City, has been
called so many different names that a new
one does not bother him.

Under Mr. Lansing it probably is a Department
of State, but it was certainly a Department
of Statement in May.

As a phrase-maker the Colonel is still in
the ring. "Fear God and do your own part"
is more thrilling than "Too proud to fight."

Pierre du Pont's gift of \$750,000 to Delaware
College suggests that he believes in training
the young elite as well as the young soldier
how to shoot.

The true middleman is the fellow on a salary,
with the unions on one side of him and
capital on the other. He gets prosperity, but
he gets it in the neck.

Germany is not ignoring the need of getting
trade after the war. A society to foster commercial
relations with Latin-America has just
been formed in Hamburg.

Lord Derby says that the British miners
are eager to enlist. "I have often noticed,"
wrote Julius Caesar, "that men find it very
easy to believe that which it is to their
interest to believe."

The cold weather has not frozen any grip
germs, but it has acted as a tonic and put
fight into many a person who was about to
succumb. A cold wave beats any efficiency
system in the world for business.

Senator Cummins thinks it is wicked for
private companies to make money in the
manufacture of war munitions. He would
have the Government get the profit. But
how much less wicked would that be?

The Los Angeles Chamber of Commerce
has telegraphed to Washington that the
invasion of Mexico by American troops would
be "objectionable to our people." It would
be much more objectionable to the Mexican
bandits.

In its effort to induce economy, the British
Government is considering the prohibition of
all imports not considered strictly necessary.
It ought not to hurt the United States much.
According to the Germans, all we send to
England is a life-saver.

French soldiers prefer Spanish mules to the
Missouri kind, reports the EVENING LEADER's
correspondent at Salamanca, because Spanish
mules only kick, while Champ Clark's constituents
bite as well. Perhaps this is why
they keep houn' dawgs in Missouri.

"Villa must die" is the decree of Carranza,
but it is not new. There has not been a
time in months when he would not have died,
and died quick, if Carranza could have got a
knife into him. The question is not what to
do with Villa when he is got; it is to get him.

Just what the British Admiralty means
when it says, through some high authority,
that it will keep the seas clear of German
trading even after peace is declared until
the Asquith terms are fulfilled, is a mystery
about which no one need be unduly worried.

The spectacle of Senator Lippett, of Rhode
Island, dashing on horseback across the Rio
Grande at the head of his troops to make
Mexico safe for Americans, etc.—New York
Herald.

Senator Lippett? Why, there ain't no such
animal.

Denials from Germany that Captain von
Papen paid any money to Werner Horn, who
blew up a Canadian Pacific Railroad bridge
on the Maine border, may be regarded as
"diplomatic" in view of the fact that the
British have von Papen's check book with
the stub of the Horn check.

It would be a great convenience to patrons
if on cloudy mornings trams did not wait
until the elevated trains entered the subway
to turn on the lights. In the rush hours
hundreds of passengers are forced to stand,
and are practically prohibited from reading their
papers for want of light. This is just a little
service which would cost the company nothing,
yet it would be greatly appreciated by
thousands of those who ride.

When the British fleet begins a real blockade
of Denmark and the Netherlands these
neutral countries will be shut off from the
world as completely as though they were
part of Germany. This ought to make other
neutral countries do some hard thinking
about the efficacy of international law in time
of war. They will have to conclude that it is
about as effective as any other law which
provides no penalty for its violation.

Senator Hale, according to the New York
Evening Post, at the time of the settlement of
the "Great Affair" burst into a country as follows:
"A more fatal and more costly war than the
history of the country or of the world
outbreak as soon as the war is declared."

of Great Britain all that was won in the
Revolution. * * * I pray that this Administration
will not surrender our national
honor." Mr. Hale in time became a distinguished
statesman. What is national honor
is sometimes as difficult a question to answer
as which is the mother of a chicken.

AMERICANS OR NOTHING

Since August, 1914, immigration to the United
States has come to a standstill. In the same
period the country has found out that of the
17,000,000 foreign-born within its borders a considerable
number are not citizens, and a dangerous
number have definite intentions not to
become Americans. The end of the war may be
the signal for a tremendous influx of foreigners
escaping from taxes and desolation. This
country must not permit the melting pot to be
overburdened.

THE choice for the United States in the
matter of immigration is between selfishness
and suicide. If asylum for the persecuted
and opportunity for the oppressed are to
dominate the immigration policy of this
country, as they have in the past, some safeguard
must be found against those immigrants
whose indifference and opposition are
corrupting American ideals. America must
be reserved for those who are Americans or
can be Americans. There is room for every
foreigner who wishes to come. There is no
room for the alien who is here for revenue
only.

To these propositions the American citizen
has assented for many years, but newcomer
and descendant alike have been so engrossed
in their own affairs that nothing has been
done to put them into practice. It was very
easy to assume that when a foreigner stood
up and swore that he was "attached to the
principles of the American Constitution" a
miracle had passed into that foreigner's
soul and converted him into an American.
It was even easier, and much more comfort-
ing, to believe that the watchful eye of the
immigration inspector, who turned back the
physically and mentally and morally unfit,
was actually disbaring undesirables from
the privileges of American opportunity.

We have found, in 18 months of internal
dissension, that a man may come to this
country with every prospect of never becoming
a public charge, with a well-trained and
active mind, able to read and write; that he
may swear allegiance to our flag and yet be
the worst type of undesirable. We have
seen men who have fled from persecution
and from the indignities of a tyrannical Government
adhere to their ancient loyalties and
exert a pernicious energy in attempts to
involve this Government in their quarrels. We
have said "America means opportunity," and
they have turned their opportunities against us.

A society has been formed to pledge every
incoming alien to support the American flag
in time of war. That is an excellent intention,
but in practice would be as effective as
the method of the young lookout who was
in the habit of asking suspicious characters
whether they were aples or not. If they said
"no" he relaxed his guard and let them pass.
It should not devolve upon laymen, but upon
governmental officials, to determine whether
the assistance, loyalty and patriotism of
each applicant for admission to this country
are sufficiently strong to make him an
American. It is not unreasonable to ask
that those who come here in preference to
staying in the land of their birth should
give this country their first service and their
highest devotion.

This country owes much to its foreign-born,
chiefly because virtually all its citizens
are either foreign-born or of foreign descent.
But it owes nothing to the individual alien
who does not first recognize his debt to
America. The tone of petulance, the assumption
of superior rights by those whose
allegiance is still divided, would be one of the
most diverting things of the present situation
were it not so dangerous.

Experts will have to devise the net through
which immigration must pass. Citizens can
only insist that the question be opened
again. They may suggest that the United
States has not suffered from the falling off
of immigration. They may point out the
grave danger to this country of having in
full enjoyment of its blessings a vast number
of unnaturalized foreigners, and in their
present temper they are certain to insist
that the first obligation of citizenship, which
is adherence to the country's law and defense
of its integrity, be emphasized far
above the many privileges which citizenship
allows. For since the beginning we have
advised the rights of Americans and been
strangely silent on their duties.

The problems of immigration only begin
when the gate swings open to the stranger.
New ideals of Americanism have to be developed,
but before they can be understood the
physical well-being and the fundamental
education of each prospective citizen
must be assured. The National Conference
on Immigration and Americanization, meeting
now in Philadelphia, the many societies
and committees in every port of entry are
entering into times of unprecedented activity.
But before their efforts can be successful
the Government itself must reach out its
hand of power and hold the door fast against
those who come to grow rich on our riches,
to live freely in our freedom and yet with
intent to remain forever alien to our ideas
and our ideals.

NEED FOR MORE HOTELS

A NECESSARY accompaniment of the new
convention hall is increased hotel accommodation
for delegates who are to be attracted to Philadelphia. When the Republican
National Convention met here last year
there was considerable complaint because of the
lack of first-class hotels.

That lack is not so marked today as it was
then. The Bellevue-Stratford, the Ritz-Carlton,
the St. James, the Vendig and the Adelphi
have been built since 1900. There is room
for more good hotels. The capitalists
who are planning the erection of a 15-story
building for hotel purposes have evidently
discovered this. Others will doubtless follow
their example in putting their money into
such enterprises in the near future.

Tom Daly's Column

BALLADE OF DEAD WHEELERS
Where are the sayings we used to hear—
Flippant phrases of worldly lore—
Capable classics that now appear
Dead as the first-born dinosaur?
True it is that they left their spore,
Giving birth to a new array;
Nevertheless, I ask once more:
Where is the slang of yesterday?

Why, or whether they go from here
Gets my goat, as I said before;
"Where did you get that hat?" sounds queer,
Yet, remember its great furor,
"Beat it," "Blow," and another score
Admonitions to fade away
Followed their own advice to soar—
Where is the slang of yesterday?

Brother, banish that look of fear:
Veran can never the dead restore,
And the future may bring a year
Guiltless of low-brow metaphor:
"Tell it to Sweeney's" vogue is o'er,
"Guinea" has vanished—is "cop" to stay?
Hope remains with us always, for
Where is the slang of yesterday?

So, test these stanzas make you sore,
Let me rise to my feet and say,
You should worry when boots implore:
Where is the slang of yesterday?
—ALOYSIUS.

Why not matriculate in the correspondence
school a few stories below us, Aloysius?
The professor is preparing to offer some fine
prizes, and he might have smoothed out for
you the few flaws—repetitions of the same
rhyme—which keep your fine ballade from
being perfect. Come to think of it, though,
we hear he's had some trouble on that score
with one of his pupils. He'll probably mention
it himself.

CLASSIFIED
I know two sorts of debtors. Goodness knows
That neither sort's much good;
The sort that would pay if they could and
those
Who could pay if they would.

THE Tailor.
MOST men of 80 enter what we are pleased
to call "second childhood," but if you
ever met Charles Beck, whose paper house is
just across the street from us, you'd agree
with us that that bright and active youngster
of 79 has struck his second precocity.

Correspondence School of Humor

IT IS our painful duty today to announce
the suspension of one of our students. He
is a young man of whom we expected great
things, and it is this fact alone which
induced us to withhold our heavy hand and
recall our first decision to expel him absolutely.
His offense is, in effect, drawing insulting
caricatures of his teacher on the blackboard
and other forms of insubordination. The offender
is known to us as "Reading." His matriculation
essay, it will be remembered, was a bit of rather
clever verse, to which we played the part of kindly
chiroprapist. His feet, if we interpreted correctly
his unusually characteristic chirography,
needed attention. We fixed them, and now
he resents our interference. He insists
that his lines should have been printed thus:
Whenever I think of a round
Of head repartee to be said,
Society I bow the ground to my feet,
Then lots of things run to my head.
Weighty thoughts—yes, too heavy to fly—
My gravity brings to my brain,
And channels of thought are much tickled thereby,
So I think in a humorous vein.

For his sins we print this, and more in
pity than in anger we suspend him. Even
though the fickle favor of the mob should
veer to him in this matter, it shall not shake us;
for, young gentlemen, it must be understood
that the discipline of this school will be
maintained at all costs.

When, chastened in spirit, our young
friend returns to us—as we trust he may—we
shall be glad to discuss with him the
general subject of humor. He has been
pleased to question our judgment and recom-
mends to us Hazlitt on "Wit and Humor." Let
us, rather, go back to Hazlitt's sources.
Cicero, writing about the year B. C. 55 (De
Oratore) makes Caesar say:

"I indeed, think that a man who is not
destitute of polite learning can discourse
upon any subject more witfully than upon
wit itself. . . . They who have attempted
to deliver rules and principles on
that subject have shown themselves so extremely
foolish that nothing else in them has
excited laughter but their folly. This
talent, therefore, appears to me incapable
of being communicated by teaching.
Mercy on us! Why, this thing is two-
edged, isn't it?"

THE trouble with most of the songs in
Italian dialect that music-publishers wish
upon a long-suffering public is their utter
lack of the sense and lilt to be found in
the following:

SWEETA RITA.
Oh, Rita, Rita, Rita, Rita,
As pretty as a pretty name,
Eet soo sweet I teenk dat eet
Eet seemly melody.
Eet keepsa reengin' 'em my ear
We'reva I may go;
Eet mak' me glad, eet mak' me sad,
Baycause I lov' eet so.
Eet follas me da whole time
An' reeng an' seeng an' rhyme an' chime.

Rita, Rita, Rita, Rita, Rita,
Nices' nam' 'em all da worl',
Joostas like da leetla girl—
Rita, Rita, Rita, Rita, Rita,
Eet keepsa reengin' 'em my ear.
An' all I evra seem to hear
Ees sweeta Rita, sweeta Rita, Signorita Rita.

Rita, Rita, Rita, Rita, Rita,
But, ah! eet you could see
Da girl herself, you teenka, wal,
Da aona like me.
She joostas like da ripa peach
Da you are want for eat;
She looks an' seeng like any teeng
An', oh, she ees so sweet.
She even mak' me forget
Da macaroni an' spaghetti.

Rita, Rita, Rita, Rita, Rita,
Nices' nam' 'em all da worl',
Joostas like da leetla girl—
Rita, Rita, Rita, Rita, Rita,
Eet keepsa reengin' 'em my ear.
An' all I evra seem to hear
Ees sweeta Rita, sweeta Rita, Signorita Rita.
D. B. O'Loughlin.

DOWN in Houston, Tex., Judd Lewis smears
sunshine and molasses all over the last
column of the editorial page of the Post.
From his back gate this morning, looking
across the fence to the West we noticed
in the next yard this: "Housewives' League.
Slogan: 'Pay cash and take a bundle home.'"
This would seem to indicate that the bar-
tenders of Houston have been encouraging
extravagant husbands to open charge
accounts—if we could bring ourselves to be-
lieve it.



SPEAKING THE PUBLIC MIND

Illumination of City Hall—Christian Science View of Sin—Letters From Readers on Topics of General Interest

To the Editor of Evening Ledger:

Sir—I am wondering if the permanent illumination
of City Hall tower that we are promised is
to be left to the discriminating taste of some
electrical supply company, who will festoon it
like a department store and pervert in trimming
William Penn's statue in a way that would have
outraged that gentleman's scruples, or whether
the matter is to be put in the hands of the Art
Jury.

I think it was in Founder's Week that the
statue and tower were illuminated by search-
lights, and I have never seen anything that was
more ethereally beautiful than the noble figure
in that mystical light, stretching out his hand
over the great city which he had founded. He
stood there in the sky, our patron saint, while
the glory of the Lord shone round about him,
and it seemed as though it would bring subtle
blessings to all below if he could see him so
transfigured always.

I wonder how many Philadelphians realize
how much more grandly beautiful were the
ideals that led to the founding of this city and
State than to the establishment of any other
great Commonwealth whose origin is known.
Jeanne d'Arc and William Penn both saw
visions, and dreamed dreams, but Penn's
horizon was the wider. The peasant woman's
passion was patriotism, the Quaker saint's was
humanity. Whether Jew or Gentile, Protestant
or Catholic, German or French, white or black,
we can all look up, as he stands there with
his head among the stars, and reverse and love
him as the standard bearer of our liberties
and the greatest apostle of peace on earth and
good will to men since the day of Christ
himself.

It is the one unique feature of our municipal
building. This has been called the only
successful elevation of a statue to so great a
height in the whole world. Let us make him
the dominating figure by night as well as by
day, the first thing that shall rivet the eye of
the incoming traveler, the symbol of every-
thing that has been most glorious, most American,
most human in the history of our city and
in the history of our new world.

Philadelphia, January 18.

"COUNTING OUT" RHYMES

To the Editor of Evening Ledger:
Sir—For a considerable time I have been
interested in collecting "Counting out" rhymes,
used by children in determining who shall be
"it" in games of "tag" or "hide and seek." From
several publications in the EVENING LEADER
I find that others are interested in the same
subject.

The use of these rhymes is not confined to our
own land. Some years ago an American clergy-
man of my acquaintance whose grandfather, a
native of Holland, had taught him a "counting
out" rhyme used in his young days in that
country, was traveling in that land of lakes
and chance to stop by some children playing.
He repeated, in their hearing, the rhyme he had
learned, this constituting his only knowledge
of their language. At once there was excite-
ment. The children at once recognized the
rhyme. The parents were summoned and, al-
though neither party could understand the
speech of the other, the clergyman was treated
like a long-lost brother. J. A. ANDERSON,
Lambertville, N. J., January 18.

WAR OR PREPAREDNESS FIRST?

To the Editor of Evening Ledger:
Sir—Funny, isn't it, but some of those fellows
who have been hollering for Prexy Wilson to
take up the hammer and tongs are likewise
vociferously telling us that we are criminally
unprepared for war and that our whole war-
outfit would hardly make one square meal for
the foreign dogs of war. JERRY JENKINS,
Philadelphia, January 18.

THE CHRISTIAN SCIENCE VIEW

To the Editor of Evening Ledger:
Sir—If it be true as Evangelist Stough said at
Atlantic City, that he does not understand "any
two consecutive paragraphs of Science and
Health," the Christian Science textbook, the
gentleman's own statement would exclude him
from consideration as a qualified critic of the
teachings of this book. He proceeds, neverthe-
less, as reported in your issue of the 18th, to
discuss that which he declares he does not
understand, and says Christian Scientists "are
trying to get away from the fact of sin."
Christian Science does not teach that God
created sin or sent sin into the world or that
it is an eternal fact of being from which there
is no escape. God is wholly good, therefore He
could not create evil nor send it upon mankind,
for this in itself would be an evil thing, and it
is unthinkable that God should sin. The Christian
Science concept of this matter is indicated
in the following excerpts from "Science and
Health": "Sin will receive its full penalty,
both for what it is and for what it does" and
"the way to escape the misery of sin is to cease
sinning. There is no other way." It then be-
comes evident that in the view of Christian
Science the individual is not freed from sin
and the suffering it entails until its power over
him is broken. His release, therefore, is not
hastened, but on the contrary is delayed if he
regards sin as an insupportable and eternal part
of the scheme of things.

The full acceptance by Christian Science of
the divinity of the Christ ought to be clear
from the definition given in "Science and
Health": "Christ, the divine manifestation of
God, which comes to the flesh to destroy in-
nate error." This definition does not "rob" the
Christ of anything. Quite the reverse, it de-
clares the Christian mission to be the expression
manifestation of God's divinity. If the critic,
however, intends to find fault with Christian
Science for not believing that Jesus is God, then
the testimony of Jesus himself on this point

ought to be considered. Jesus never said he
was God. He spoke of himself as a man. He
virtually denied that he was God, and several
of His sayings are flatly inconsistent with the
theory of His deification. Peter also spoke of
Him as "Jesus of Nazareth, a man approved of
God." Christian Science, therefore, renders
unto Jesus exactly what He desired, namely,
not to be deified but to be glorified. Moreover
it accepts the scriptural account of the concep-
tion, which led to His birth, and attaches much
importance to His origin and to His knowledge
of it.
THOMAS E. BOLAND,
Philadelphia, January 17, 1916.

CHRIST IN FLANDERS

Read by Doctor Kinsolving in St. Paul's Church,
Baltimore.

We had forgotten You, or very nearly.
You did not seem to touch us very nearly.
Of course we thought about You now and then;
Especially in any time of trouble.
We knew that You were good in time of trouble.
But we are very ordinary men.

And there were always other things to think of.
There's lots of things a man has got to think of—
His work, his home, his pleasure, and his
wife.
And so we only thought of You on Sunday.
Sometimes, perhaps, not even on a Sunday.

Because there's always lots to fill one's life.
And, all the while, in street or lane or byway,
In country lane, in city street, or byway,
You walked among us, and we did not see You.
Your feet were bleeding as You walked our
pavements.

How did we miss Your footprints on our pavements?
Can there be other folk as blind as we?
Now we remember: ever here in Flanders,
(It isn't strange to think of You in Flanders)
This hideous warfare seems to make things
clear.
We never thought about You much in England
But now that we are far away from England,
We have no doubt, We know that You are
here.

You helped us pass the last along the trenches,
Where, in cold blood, we waited in the trenches.
You touched us in our pain and made it fine.
You stood beside us in our pain and weakness.
We're glad to think You understand our weak-
ness;
Somehow it seems to help us not to whine.

We think about You kneeling in the Garden,
Ah! God! the agony of that dread Garden;
We know You prayed for us upon the Cross.
If anything could make us glad to bear it,
'Twould be the knowledge that You would be
bear it.
Pain, death, the uttermost of human loss.

Though we forget You, You will not forget us.
We feel so sure that You will not forget us.
But stay with us until this dream is past.
And so we ask for courage, strength and pardon,
Especially, I think, we ask for pardon,
And that You'll stand beside us to the last.
L. W.

AMUSEMENTS

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COHAN and HARRIS Present
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BROAD—Last 3 Evgs. LAST MAT. SATURDAY
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Next Week—POLLYANNA. Seats Today
STANLEY Constance Collier
IN THE TONGUES OF MEN

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ARCADIA
Comedy—"A MODERN ENOCH ARDEN"

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MacDermid & Co., Capt. Barrett & Co.
EXTRA ADDED ATTRACTION
SYD CHAPLIN IN "THE TRAMP"

"A SUBMARINE PIRATE"

LYRIC TONIGHT at 8:15
The Annual Winter Garden Revue
The PASSING SHOW OF 1915
COMPANY OF 125-130 HIGH SCENES
GEORGE MONROE, EUGENE AM WILLIE
HOWARD, MARILYN MILLER, and Others

METROPOLITAN